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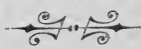
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PREFACE.

AS I am about to enter the field of literature, I pause to thank my Brother Conductors and Engineers and other fellow Railway Employees for their many kind words of encouragement. I do not claim for this work great Literary merit; but have tried to present Truth with Simplicity and I hope every one who reads the work may find at least one line that will strike a responsive chord in their own hearts.

L. W. CANADY,
Div. 57, O. R. C.

"It is not Art, but Heart which wins."—
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

IRENE.

ACROSS the sward, beneath the maples' shade,
I idly, and without a purpose strayed,
With simple fancies running through my head;
I knew nor cared not where my footsteps led.
The mock-birds sang in the surrounding trees,
The roses nodded in the evening breeze,
The setting sun threw over all a sheen,
When I, thy perfect charms beheld, Irene.

The cool, deep stream flow'd slowly at thy feet,
As if in waiting thy fair form to meet.
Upon a smooth and moss-clad rock pois'd high,
With thy clasped hands extended to the sky,
Ready to plunge unbidden from my sight,
And headlong cleave the waiting waters bright;
It was the fairest sight by man e'er seen,
When I, thy perfect charms beheld, Irene.

Advance, I dared not; I could not retreat
And risk the noise of my departing feet,
And thus I stood: Dumb, with a sweet surprise;
And all unseen did feast my eager eyes.
'T was not my fault, and yet no fault of thine.
Let us the future and the past entwine
With marriage rite, and then my love, my queen,
I still may gaze upon thy charms, Irene.

BLISS.



YE who wish to know what "bliss" is
Purloin from maiden fair some kisses.

The fabled "nectar of the Gods,
Was not as sweet, I'm sure by odds.

The honey bee, no moisture sips,
As sweet as that on woman's lips.

But it requires a man with nerves,
To kiss a maid as she deserves;
There is a proper way—don't doubt it,—
In kissing sir, to go about it,
And if you make a false endeavor,
Your reputation is gone forever.

For any girl will make a fuss,
If you present a "blunder-buss."
A woman is a funny "elf;"

I know, for I've been there myself;
But you can kiss her in a trice,
Dear sir, if you'll take my advice;

That is, your own discretion prove,
Then she'll allow your lips to rove
Upon her cheeks, her mouth, her eyes;
And for awhile, she'll feign surprise,
But don't desist, e're you get through,
She'll pay you back, with int'rest too,
And think the job but poorly done,
Unless she gives you two for one.

FIDDLER JOE.

FROM the woods where the sap from the maple
flows,

From the fields where the ribbon cane-plant grows,
From the streams where the logs are rafted down:
To the noisy mills of the busy town,
The lusty lads and lasses go,
To dance to the music of Fiddler Joe.

From the sombre woods of the State of Maine,
From the sandy hills of the western plain,
From the breeze swept waters of Saginaw,
From the dismal forests of Arkansaw,
The lusty lads and lasses go,
To dance to the music of Fiddler Joe.

The fiddler he sits on a backless chair;
Horny are his hands, and unkempt his hair.
"Two sets a dancin'" on the puncheon floor;
The idlers peepin' through the open door,
"Shufflin'" feet keep time to the flow,
Of the rustic music of Fiddler Joe.

I well remember when a little boy,
That a country dance was my greatest joy,
And I never shall know such bliss again,
As my first "heel and toe" with Mary Jane.
The strains of "Strauss" are far too slow—
Compared to the music of Fiddler Joe.

THE ADVENTURESS.

SHE toileth not, and neither does she spin—
Existing on the wages of her sin,
A Queen of artfulness when in the mood;
Her every ill disguised by every good,
Her melting glance, exciting keen desire,
Her coy deportment adding to the fire,
That e'er has burned within the soul of man,
Since all mankind in Adam, first began;
To her that conquest is the most complete,
Which leaves the victim helpless at her feet.

Robs him of station, honor, wealth and pride;
Leaves him a wreck upon the social tide,
Scorned by the rich, avoided by the poor;
No longer welcomed at the humblest door,
He pleads in vain for favors he once bought,
When prince's, rivals, the proud harlot sought.
Now, that the proud harlot most disdainful, scorns
"That Fool," whose jewels her fair neck adorns,
She sharply bids the servant "close the door,"
On him so warmly welcomed oft' before.

Scorn'd by the dame his bounty has supplied;
Nor left her least desire ungratified.
His damning folly preying on his mind,
Makes him a hater of all woman-kind.
A cynic now by sad experience taught,
He damns her as a sample of the lot,
Avows all virtue, prompted by device,
That all may purchase if they pay the price.
No Cleopatra with an angel's face,
Within this skeptics mind, could win a place.

And she who all this mental ruin wrought,
'The warning voice of nature heeded not;
Nor gave a thought to any future need,
But squandered wealth with lavish hand indeed;
Nor paused to note the swift approaching day,
When all her charms would perish and decay.
O, giddy soul, if from thy mother's womb,
Thou could'st have passed, direct unto the tomb;
'T were better thou had'st mingled with the dust,
Than to have lived in rioting and lust.

* * * * *

'Tis morn, 'tis morn; the joyous lark sings high;
The golden sunbeams shoot across the sky,
The morning-glory clinging to the wall,
Spreads its bright colors to the gaze of all,
The apple-blossoms, their sweet perfumes shed,
On the bright grass the pearly dew is spread;
The lusty plow-boy, with reinvigorated pace,
Doth in the soil, a broad, deep furrow trace.
But the new day so gloriously fair,
To one, brings death, desertion and despair.


Upon the city's most ill-favoured street,
Where poverty and vice in concert meet,
There stands a hovel, with unhinged door,
Decaying walls and rotten, creaking floor;
With tot'ring chimney from whose topmost row
The broken bricks have fallen long ago.
Beside the stoop a sickly looking vine,
Around the broken wood-work doth entwine,
As if in shame for the unhallowed spot,
It clings and grows, but yet it blossoms not.

Within the foul and dimly lighted room,
But half discernable amidst the gloom,
A broken bedstead, of all curtains bare,
Stands half supported by creaking chair;
A mat of straw with blanket over-spread,
Does duty as a harlots dying bed;
And she who once on snowy couch reclin'd—
A couch by artists of a king designed—
Is now by fate's revengeful hand o'er thrown,
And doomed to die forgotten and alone.

Nay, not alone. What man hath ever guessed
The depths of love within a mother's breast?
She, who thy nestling, infant form hath press'd,
Is of all friends the first, the last, the best.
Alone she kneels beside the dying bed,
Imploring mercy on that sinful head.
Her quiv'ring voice with filial love intoned,
Ascends where grace and mercy are enthroned.
O surely, He who sits in Judgment there,
Will grant the sorrow-stricken mother's prayer.

Gone, gone the days of joyous, laughing youth
Gone are the days of innocence and truth,
Gone are the hours of the implicit trust,
That gave a victim to a villians lust.
Gone are the days of sinful beauty's sway,
Gone is the scorn that drove a prince away,
Gone is the soul to wait the judgment day.
Theres naught remaineth but the mortal clay,
And that, the potters's field will soon embrace
A final and unenvied, resting place.

JIM BERTRAM.---A Tale of the Road.

 DID I know Jim Bertram? Yes; know'd him well;
The house he was born in, across the dell,
Where the mountain stream comes rushin' down,
An' leaves the hill to the west of town

Yes, knowed him for years as boy an' man;
Remember the day when he first began,
To work for the railroad, ruslin' freight,
An then he went firing the "Twenty eight."

Jim wasn't stuck up 'cause he worked on the road,
And a pleasant smile, sir, he always show'd
To all of us hoosiers a standin' near;
An' a viewin' of him, the Engineer.

Well, when Jim got married to Sally Hill,
Her Pa kep' ferry-house down by the mill,
The "road" gave a dance, on purpose for Jim—
The superintendent was stuck on him.

Kill'd on the road? Yes; 'twas in fifty-three,
When Jim got kill'd on the L. an' V.
He was pullin' passenger right on time;
An' should pass a freight train at Timber-line.

Jim's train was a flyin' sir, up the hill,
When the sight he saw made his heart stan' still;
For up the mount'in 'bout two miles away,
The freight train had broken in two that day.

The hind end was comin' at lightnin' speed.
'Twas the madin'est sight you ever seed,
But Jim sir, at heart, was allus so brave,
An' he swore the passengers lives he'd save.

He whistled for brakes, for his own train's crew.
Pull the pin fireman, quick ! All right; that'll do.
Now look out for yourself was all he said;
Away up the side of the hill he sped.

Jim knowed that the hour of death had come,
An' he waved his hand at the little home,
Where his wife stood watchin' him from the door,
While Baby Jim lay asleep on the floor.

Away he went like the wind up the hill,
An' left his own train sir, a standin' still;
An' with only his engin' he's boun'
To stop them freight cars a comin' down.

Sech a crash, sech a shock, sech a rumblin' roar,
Had never been heard in them hills before;
Then we searched for Jim, an' we found him dead,
With a car-truck axle across his head.

And this is the tale that to me was told,
By the "hoosier" so awkward, so gray and old,
With full many a pause, and cough, and sigh,
With a trembling voice, and a moistened eye.

I walked to the grave in the quiet dell,
To see what the Epitaph there would tell;
The plain marble slab, at the Hero's head,
Bore: "Died at His Post," was the way it read.



KISS BY KISS, MY LOVE AND I.

WE cared not for the outside gloom,
While we sat in the cheery, gas-lit room,
And the hours passed by that we did not miss;
For we counted the moments, kiss by kiss,
My love and I.

We cared not for the outside storm,
For our hearts and lips were loving and warm;
And our souls were filled with a perfect bliss;
As we counted the moments, kiss by kiss,
My love and I.

The days may come, the days may go,
While the rythme of love, thro' our hearts shall flow,
And the passing hours we ne'r shall miss,
While we'r counting the moments, kiss by kiss,
My love and I.



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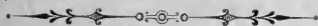
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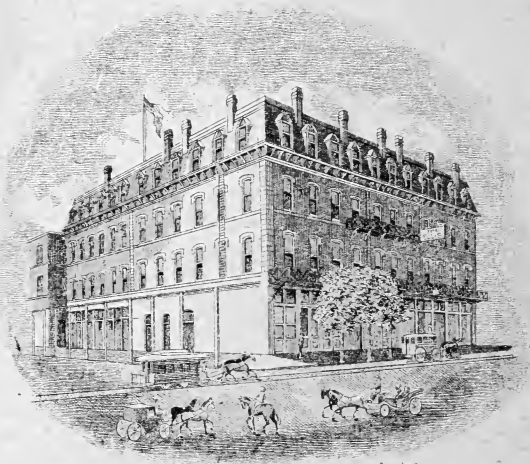


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